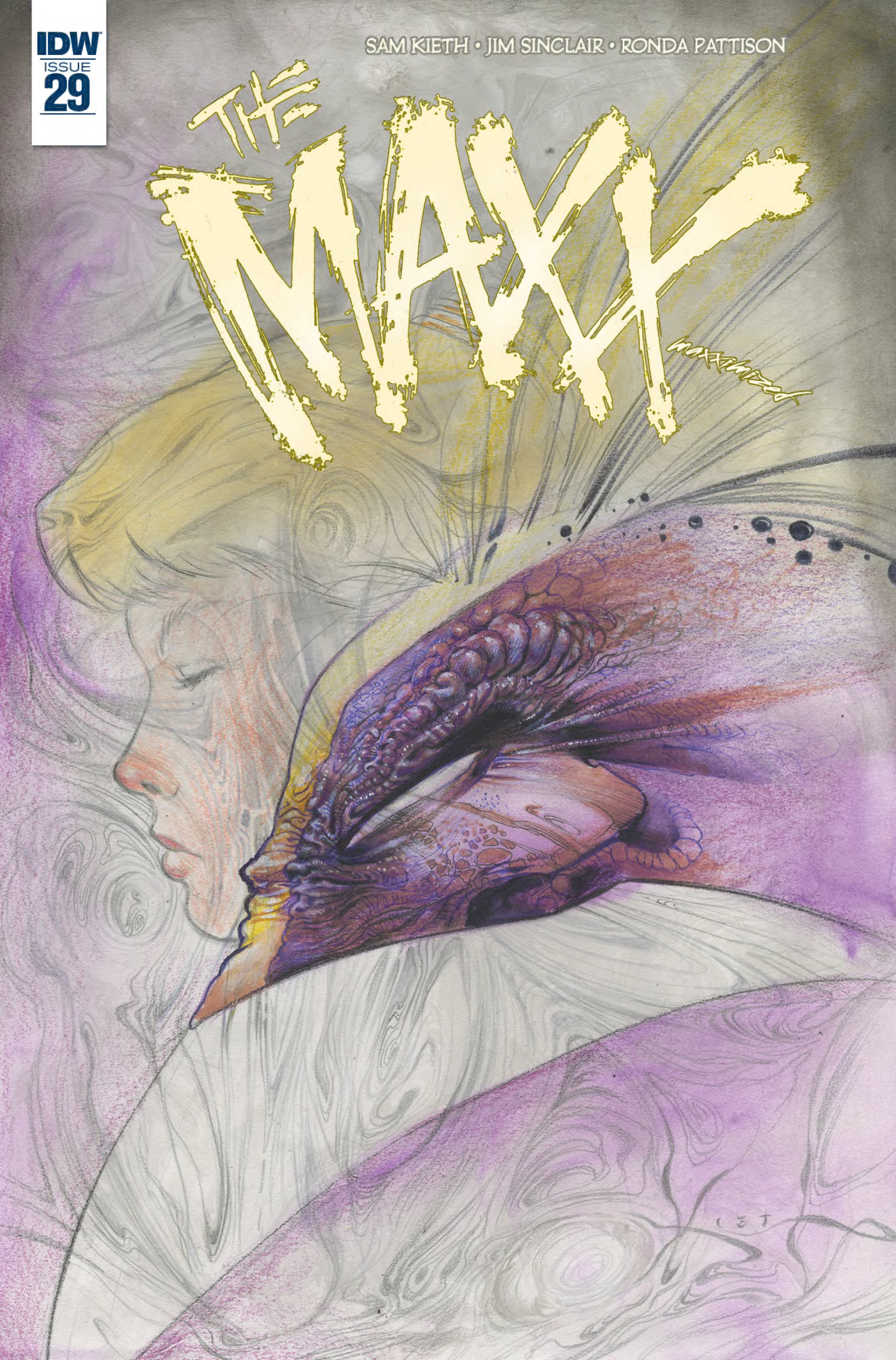
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SAM KIETH • JIM SINCLAIR • RONDA PATTISON
THE
MAXX
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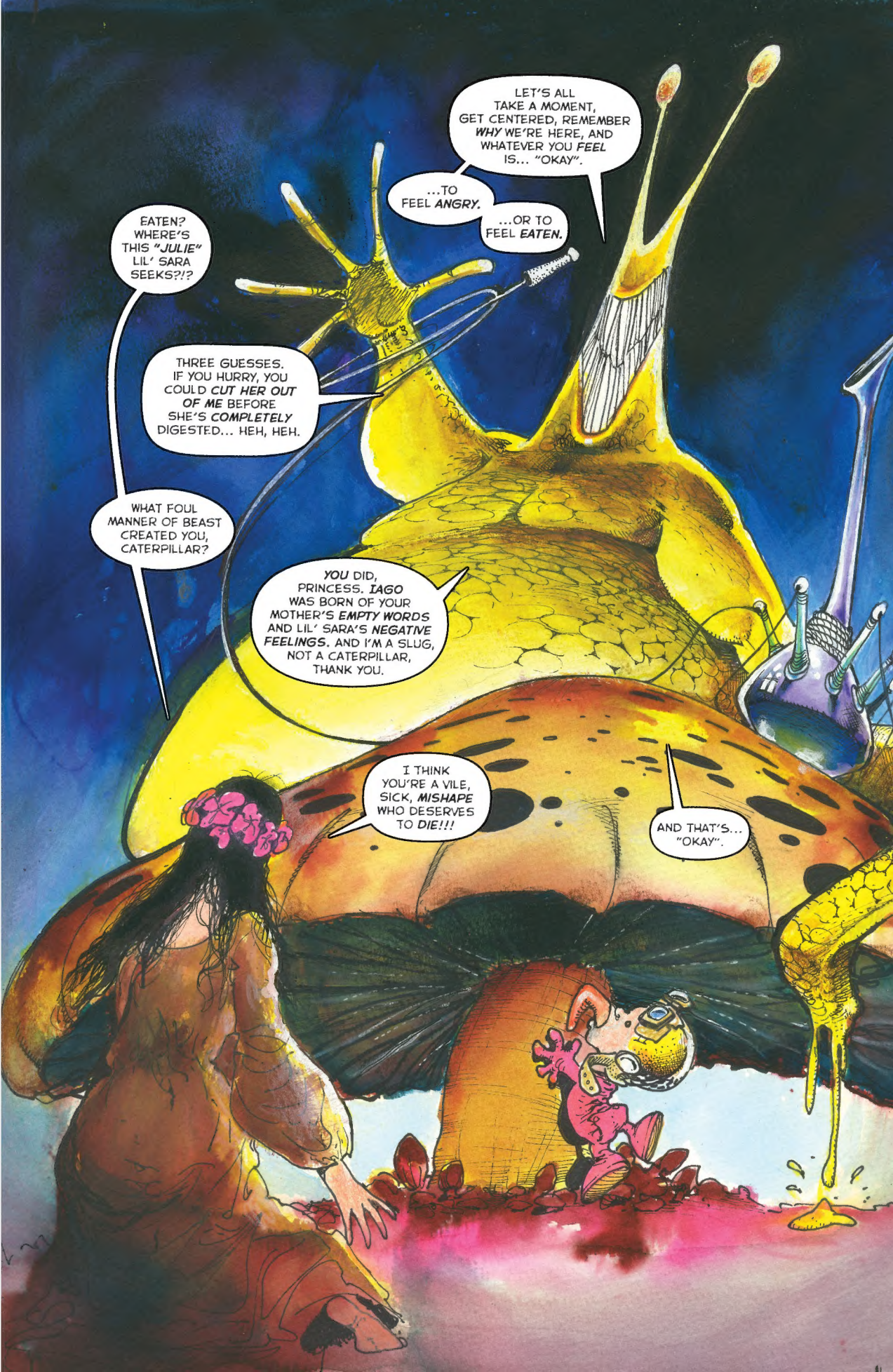
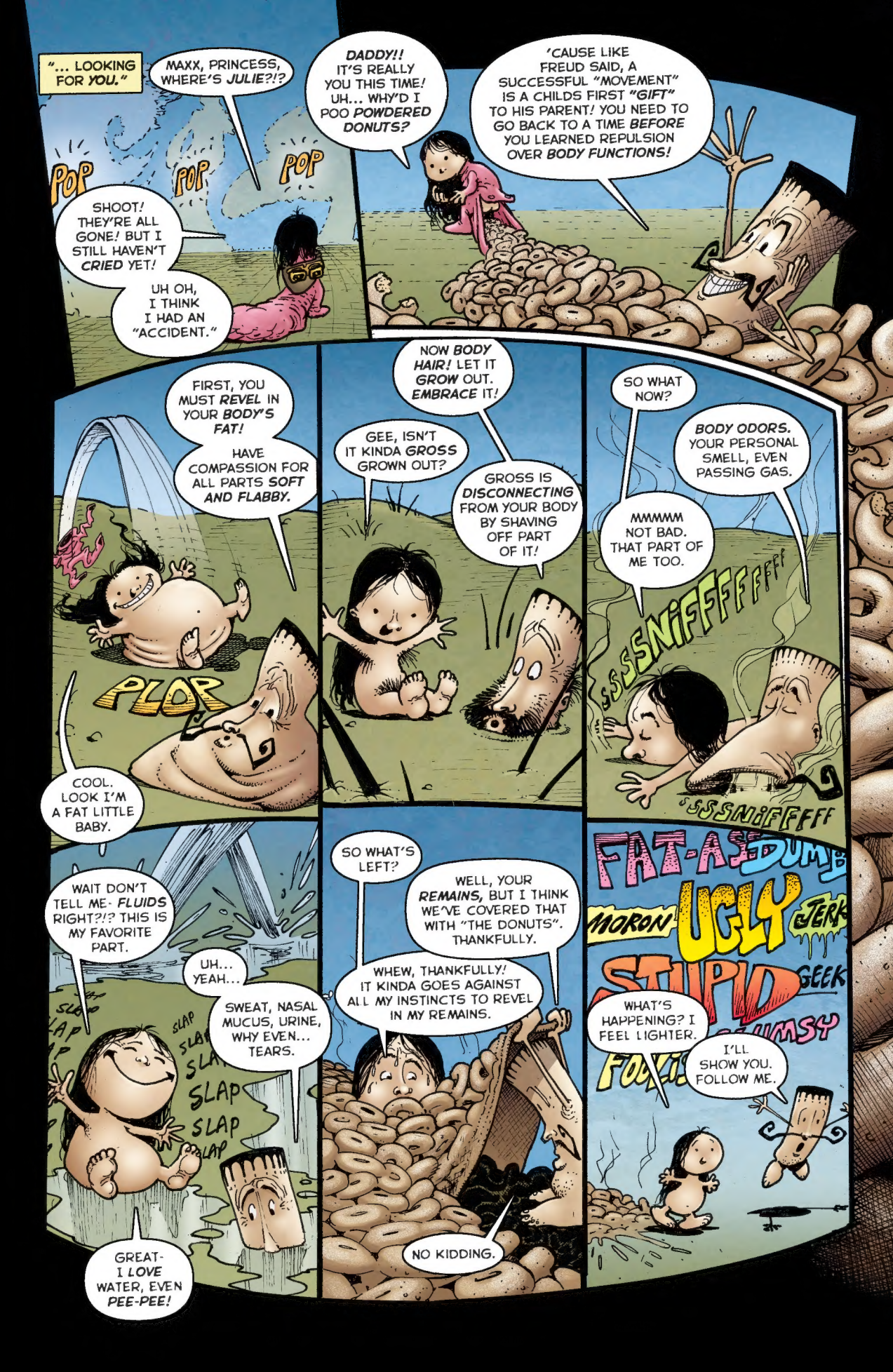
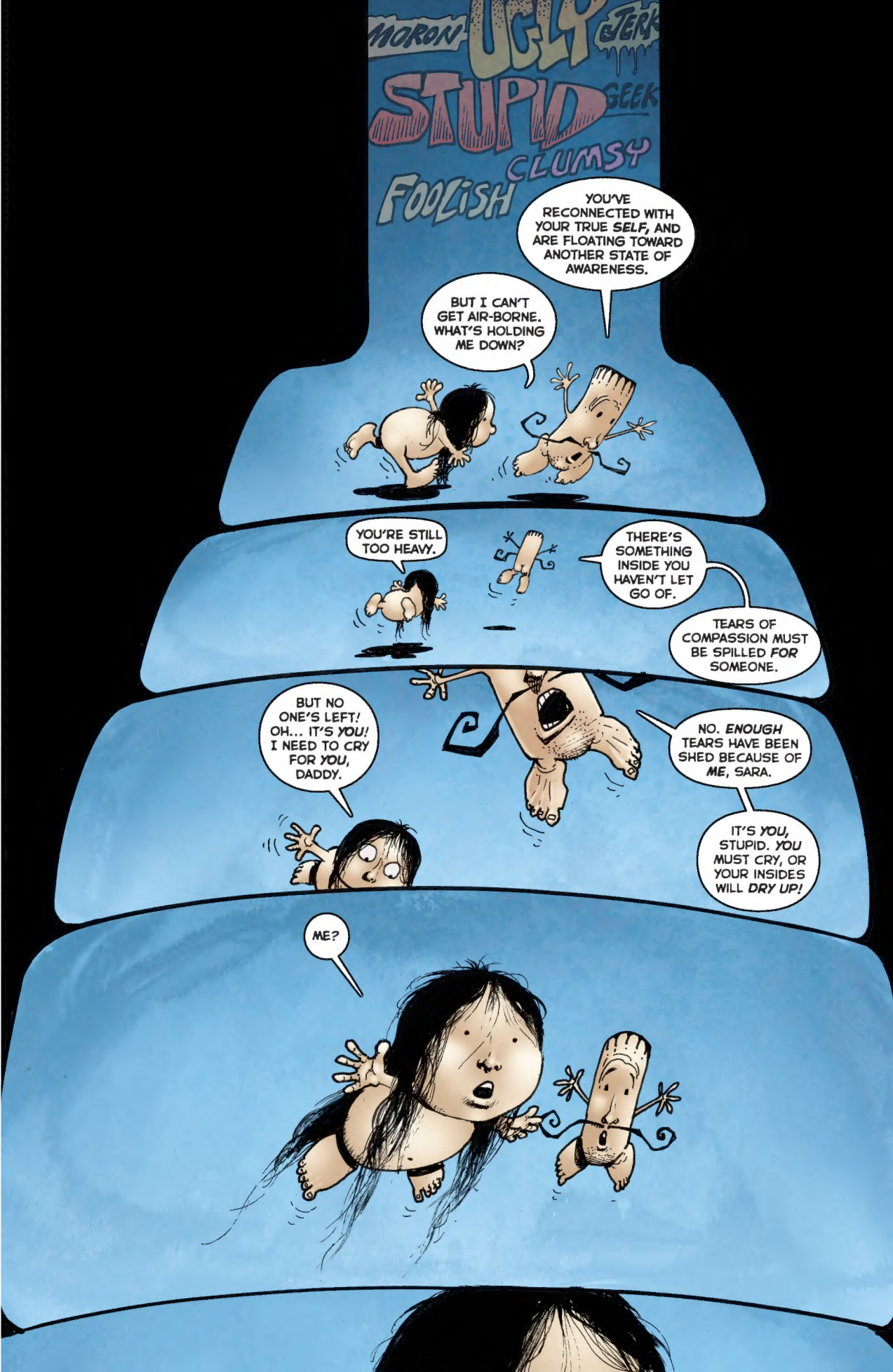
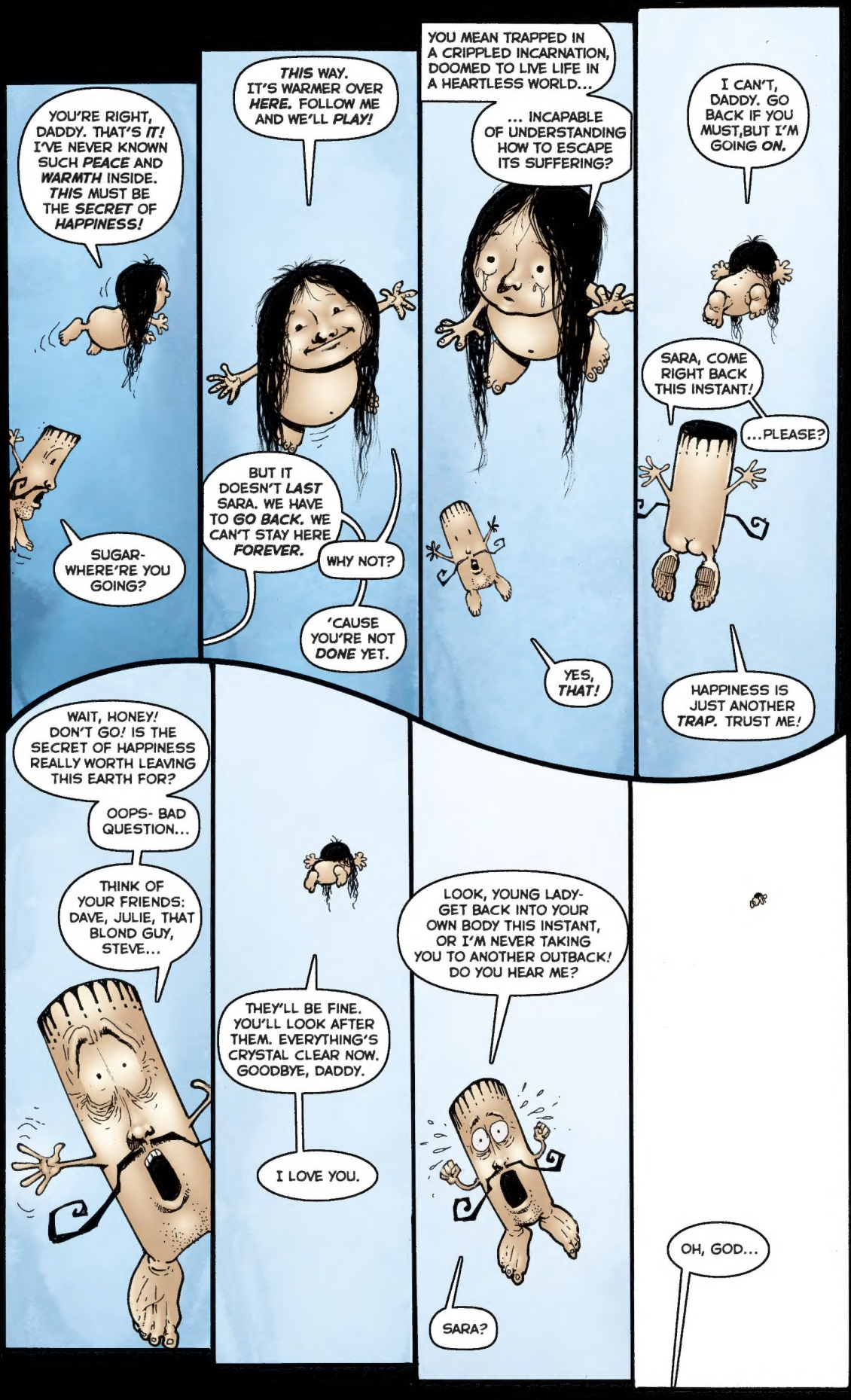

LET'S ALL TAKE A MOMENT, GET CENTERED, REMEMBER *WHY* WE'RE HERE, AND WHATEVER YOU *FEEL* IS... "OKAY".
...TO FEEL *ANGRY.*
...OR TO FEEL *EATEN.*
EATEN? WHERE'S THIS *"JULIE"* LIL' SARA SEEKS?!?
THREE GUESSES. IF YOU HURRY, YOU COULD *CUT HER OUT OF ME* BEFORE SHE'S *COMPLETELY* DIGESTED... HEH, HEH.
WHAT FOUL MANNER OF BEAST CREATED YOU, CATERPILLAR?
YOU DID, PRINCESS. *IAGO* WAS BORN OF YOUR MOTHER'S *EMPTY WORDS* AND LIL' SARA'S *NEGATIVE FEELINGS.* AND I'M A SLUG, NOT A CATERPILLAR, THANK YOU.
I THINK YOU'RE A VILE, SICK, *MISHAPE* WHO DESERVES TO *DIE!!!*
AND THAT'S... "OKAY".

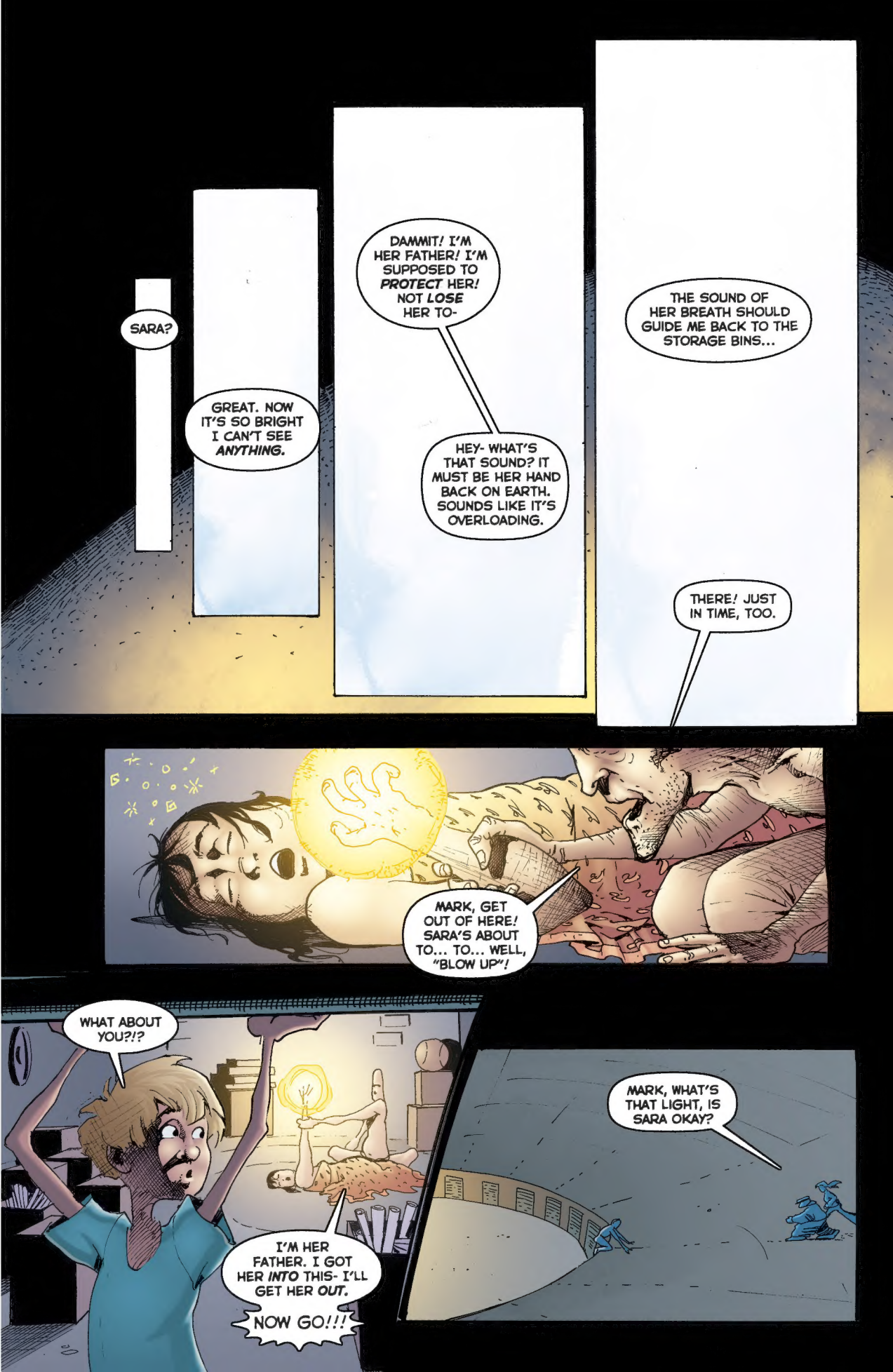
THEN YOU WON'T MIND IF THE MAXX "FEELS" LIKE CUTTING YOU UP...
TO SAVE OUR JULIE!
OF COURSE NOT, BUT KILLING ME WON'T STOP SARA'S UGLY-SELF-IMAGE. I'M ONLY A SYMBOL OF-
YEAH, BUT IT WILL MAKE MAXX FEEL SOOOOO MUCH BETTER!
OH, VERY WELL THEN-
MAXX-- IS IT HER, THIS "JULIE" PERSON?
HEY MY TONGUE'S FREE! COOOOL!

IT'S A DOLL. WHAT DOES IT MEAN MAXX?
I THINK SHE LEFT IT TO TELL US...
"...SHE GOT BACK HOME OKAY."
DAVE, W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I TOOK A SHOT YOU'D COME BACK TO THE SAME ALLEY HE TOOK YOU IN. ARE YOU OKAY?
WHUMP
I THINK SO. LIKE YOU CARE?
SHUT UP, HERE- LET ME HELP YOU-
HEY "DAVE"- I DON'T NEED ANY BODY'S HELP. OR PITY!
JUST BECAUSE MY SON RAN OUT AND I'M BETWEEN JOBS DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO... TO...
OKAY I GOT IT. YOU'RE EXEMPT FROM FEELINGS OF VULNERABILITY THAT THE REST OF US HAVE.
WELL... YEAH. SO WHERE TO NOW?
WE BETTER GET BACK TO GONE'S STORAGE BINS AND CHECK ON SARA. GONE'S GUIDING SARA THROUGH HER OWN OUTBACK...

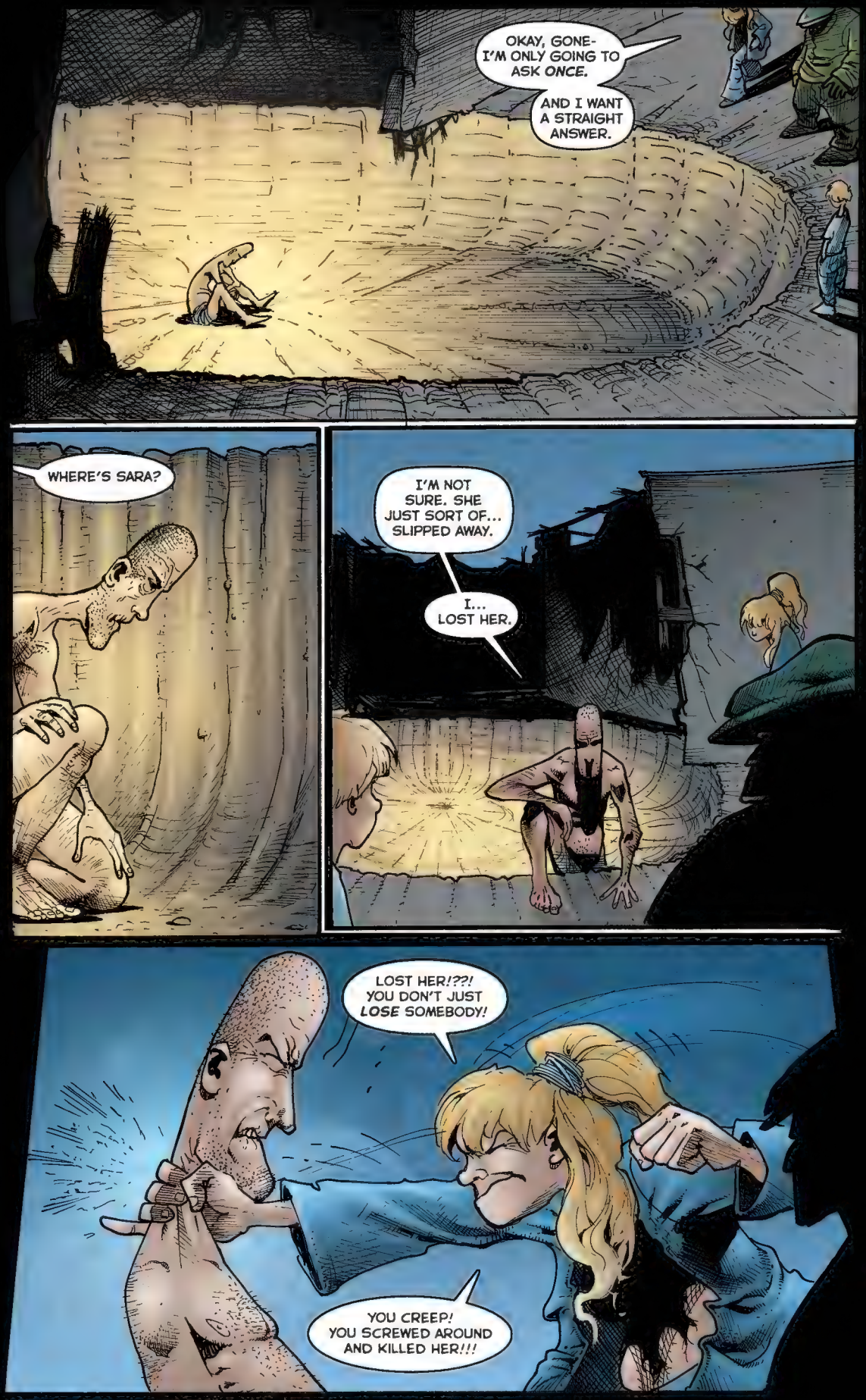

"... LOOKING FOR YOU."
MAXX, PRINCESS, WHERE'S JULIE?!?
POP
POP
POP
SHOOT! THEY'RE ALL GONE! BUT I STILL HAVEN'T CRIED YET!
UH OH, I THINK I HAD AN "ACCIDENT."
DADDY!! IT'S REALLY YOU THIS TIME! UH... WHY'D I POO POWDERED DONUTS?
'CAUSE LIKE FREUD SAID, A SUCCESSFUL "MOVEMENT" IS A CHILDS FIRST "GIFT" TO HIS PARENT! YOU NEED TO GO BACK TO A TIME BEFORE YOU LEARNED REPULSION OVER BODY FUNCTIONS!
FIRST, YOU MUST REVEL IN YOUR BODY'S FAT!
HAVE COMPASSION FOR ALL PARTS SOFT AND FLABBY.
PLOP
COOL. LOOK I'M A FAT LITTLE BABY.
NOW BODY HAIR! LET IT GROW OUT. EMBRACE IT!
GEE, ISN'T IT KINDA GROSS GROWN OUT?
GROSS IS DISCONNECTING FROM YOUR BODY BY SHAVING OFF PART OF IT!
SO WHAT NOW?
BODY ODORS. YOUR PERSONAL SMELL, EVEN PASSING GAS.
MMMMM NOT BAD. THAT PART OF ME TOO.
SSSSNIFFFFFFFF
SSSSNIFFFFF
WAIT DON'T TELL ME- FLUIDS RIGHT?!? THIS IS MY FAVORITE PART.
UH... YEAH...
SWEAT, NASAL MUCUS, URINE, WHY EVEN... TEARS.
SLAP
SLAP
SLAP
GREAT- I LOVE WATER, EVEN PEE-PEE!
SO WHAT'S LEFT?
WELL, YOUR REMAINS, BUT I THINK WE'VE COVERED THAT WITH "THE DONUTS". THANKFULLY.
WHEW, THANKFULLY! IT KINDA GOES AGAINST ALL MY INSTINCTS TO REVEL IN MY REMAINS.
NO KIDDING.
FAT-ASS
DUMB
MORON
UGLY
JERK
STUPID
GEEK
WHAT'S HAPPENING? I FEEL LIGHTER.
I'LL SHOW YOU. FOLLOW ME.

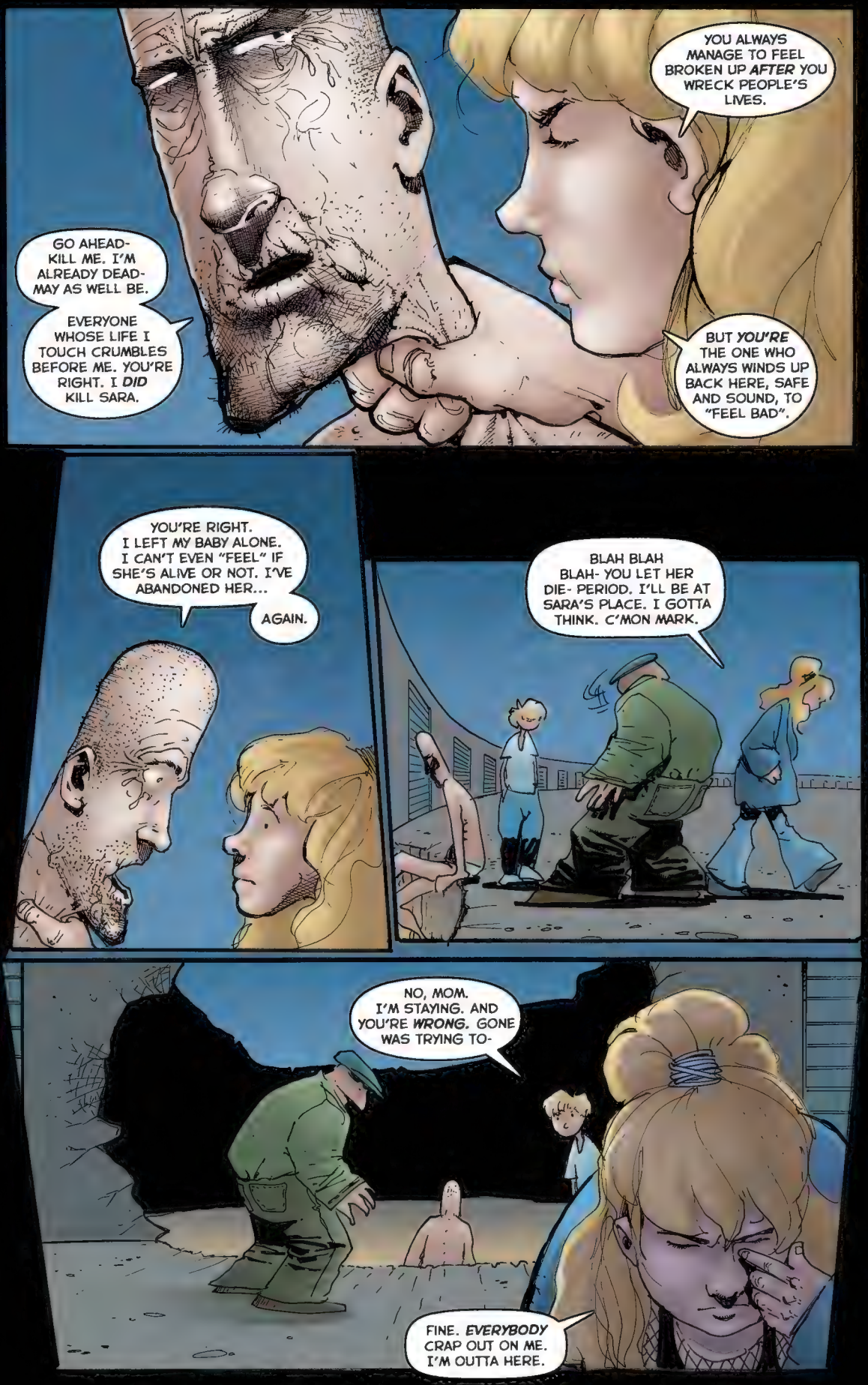

MORON
UGLY
JERK
STUPID
GEEK
FOOLISH
CLUMSY
YOU'VE RECONNECTED WITH YOUR TRUE SELF, AND ARE FLOATING TOWARD ANOTHER STATE OF AWARENESS.
BUT I CAN'T GET AIR-BORNE. WHAT'S HOLDING ME DOWN?
YOU'RE STILL TOO HEAVY.
THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE YOU HAVEN'T LET GO OF.
TEARS OF COMPASSION MUST BE SPILLED FOR SOMEONE.
BUT NO ONE'S LEFT! OH... IT'S YOU! I NEED TO CRY FOR YOU, DADDY.
NO. ENOUGH TEARS HAVE BEEN SHED BECAUSE OF ME, SARA.
IT'S YOU, STUPID. YOU MUST CRY, OR YOUR INSIDES WILL DRY UP!
ME?


YOU'RE RIGHT, DADDY. THAT'S *IT!* I'VE NEVER KNOWN SUCH *PEACE* AND *WARMTH* INSIDE. *THIS* MUST BE THE *SECRET* OF *HAPPINESS!*
SUGAR- WHERE'RE YOU GOING?
THIS WAY. IT'S WARMER OVER *HERE.* FOLLOW ME AND WE'LL *PLAY!*
BUT IT DOESN'T *LAST* SARA. WE HAVE TO *GO BACK.* WE CAN'T STAY HERE *FOREVER.*
WHY NOT?
'CAUSE YOU'RE NOT *DONE* YET.
YOU MEAN TRAPPED IN A CRIPPLED INCARNATION, DOOMED TO LIVE LIFE IN A HEARTLESS WORLD...
... INCAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING HOW TO ESCAPE ITS SUFFERING?
YES, *THAT!*
I CAN'T, DADDY. GO BACK IF YOU MUST,BUT I'M GOING *ON.*
SARA, COME RIGHT BACK THIS INSTANT!
...PLEASE?
HAPPINESS IS JUST ANOTHER *TRAP.* TRUST ME!
WAIT, HONEY! DON'T GO! IS THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS REALLY WORTH LEAVING THIS EARTH FOR?
OOPS- BAD QUESTION...
THINK OF YOUR FRIENDS: DAVE, JULIE, THAT BLOND GUY, STEVE...
THEY'LL BE FINE. YOU'LL LOOK AFTER THEM. EVERYTHING'S CRYSTAL CLEAR NOW. GOODBYE, DADDY.
I LOVE YOU.
LOOK, YOUNG LADY- GET BACK INTO YOUR OWN BODY THIS INSTANT, OR I'M NEVER TAKING YOU TO ANOTHER OUTBACK! DO YOU HEAR ME?
SARA?
OH, GOD...


SARA?
GREAT. NOW IT'S SO BRIGHT I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING.
DAMMIT! I'M HER FATHER! I'M SUPPOSED TO PROTECT HER! NOT LOSE HER TO-
HEY- WHAT'S THAT SOUND? IT MUST BE HER HAND BACK ON EARTH. SOUNDS LIKE IT'S OVERLOADING.
THE SOUND OF HER BREATH SHOULD GUIDE ME BACK TO THE STORAGE BINS...
THERE! JUST IN TIME, TOO.
MARK, GET OUT OF HERE! SARA'S ABOUT TO... TO... WELL, "BLOW UP"!
WHAT ABOUT YOU?!?
I'M HER FATHER. I GOT HER INTO THIS- I'LL GET HER OUT.
NOW GO!!!
MARK, WHAT'S THAT LIGHT, IS SARA OKAY?

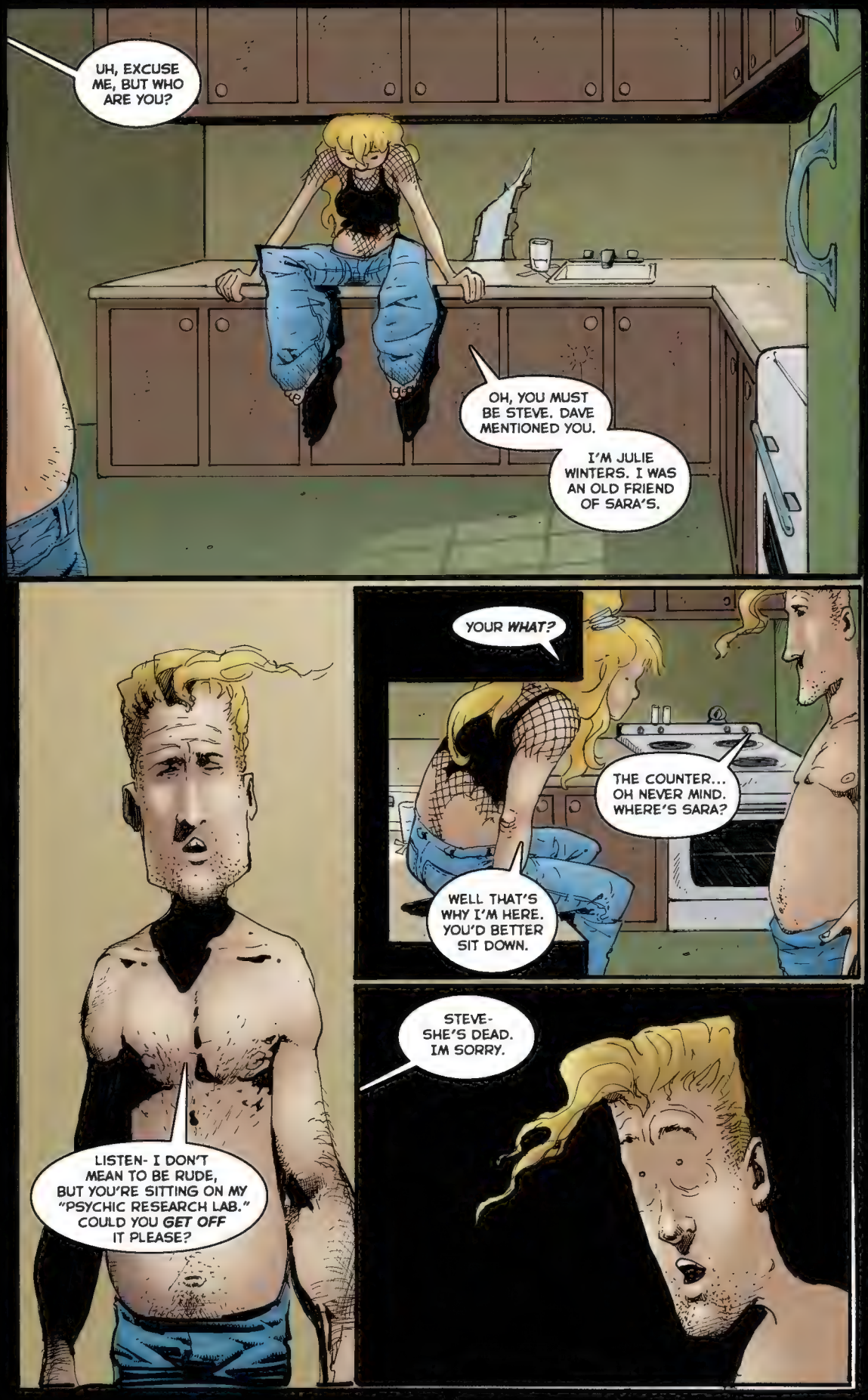
BOOOM!!!
NO, SHE'S NOT.
MARK, TAKE ME TO HER! HURRY!
OKAY, OKAY!
OH GOD... ... SARA?


OKAY, GONE- I'M ONLY GOING TO ASK *ONCE*.
AND I WANT A STRAIGHT ANSWER.
WHERE'S SARA?
I'M NOT SURE. SHE JUST SORT OF... SLIPPED AWAY.
I... LOST HER.
LOST HER!??! YOU DON'T JUST *LOSE* SOMEBODY!
YOU CREEP! YOU SCREWED AROUND AND KILLED HER!!!


GO AHEAD- KILL ME. I'M ALREADY DEAD- MAY AS WELL BE.
EVERYONE WHOSE LIFE I TOUCH CRUMBLES BEFORE ME. YOU'RE RIGHT. I *DID* KILL SARA.
YOU ALWAYS MANAGE TO FEEL BROKEN UP *AFTER* YOU WRECK PEOPLE'S LIVES.
BUT *YOU'RE* THE ONE WHO ALWAYS WINDS UP BACK HERE, SAFE AND SOUND, TO "FEEL BAD".
YOU'RE RIGHT. I LEFT MY BABY ALONE. I CAN'T EVEN "FEEL" IF SHE'S ALIVE OR NOT. I'VE ABANDONED HER...
AGAIN.
BLAH BLAH BLAH- YOU LET HER DIE- PERIOD. I'LL BE AT SARA'S PLACE. I GOTTA THINK. C'MON MARK.
NO, MOM. I'M STAYING. AND YOU'RE *WRONG.* GONE WAS TRYING TO-
FINE. *EVERYBODY* CRAP OUT ON ME. I'M OUTTA HERE.

I'M NOT MOVING UNTIL...
I CAN FEEL HER... AGAIN.
MAXX... UH, I MEAN DAVE, IS SARA REALLY DEAD?
THAT'S NOT FUNNY.
I DUNNO, MARK. I THINK GONE JUST "MISPLACED" HER.
NO, IT'S NOT. SORRY.
LOOK, YOUR MOM AND GONE- THERE'S SOME OLD WOUNDS THERE.
DAVE, CAN YOU FEEL ANY "MAXX STUFF" THAT MIGHT TELL YOU IF SARA'S OK?
SORRY KID. I CAN'T. IT WAS A LIFETIME AGO.
BUT BELIEVE ME, IF ANYONE CAN FIND SARA, IT'S OLD UNCLE ARTIE.

CHRIST, ARTIE- YOU'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT! YOU CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER.
I TAKE FROM YOUR POSTURE THAT YOU STILL CAN'T FIND HER.
I KNOW SHE'S ALIVE.
I CAN... FEEL HER PRESENCE... BUT SHE'S WITHOUT FORM.
SO WHAT NOW?
NOW WE START ALL OVER. AND THIS TIME WE GET IT RIGHT!

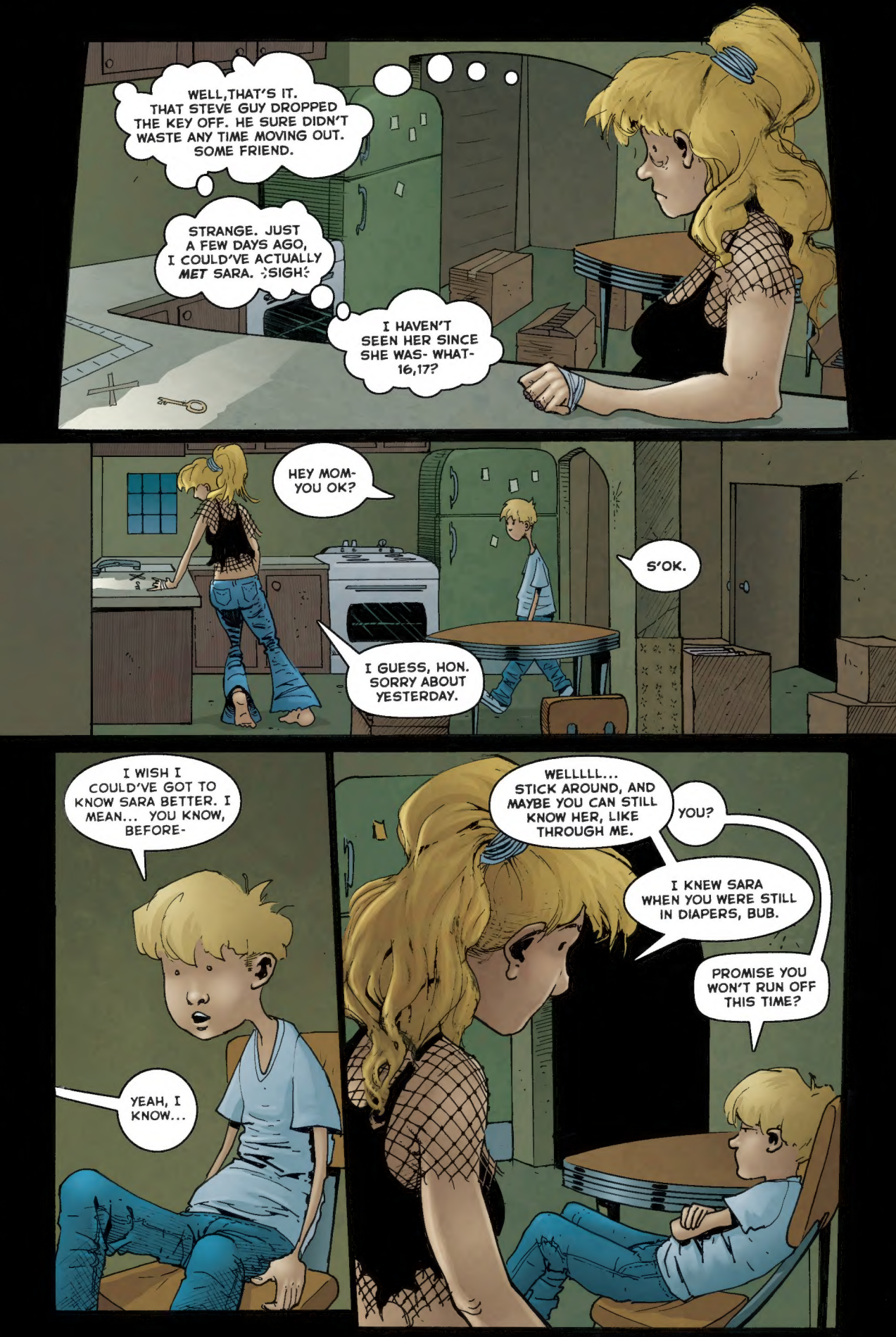

UH, EXCUSE ME, BUT WHO ARE YOU?
OH, YOU MUST BE STEVE. DAVE MENTIONED YOU.
I'M JULIE WINTERS. I WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF SARA'S.
YOUR *WHAT?*
THE COUNTER... OH NEVER MIND. WHERE'S SARA?
WELL THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. YOU'D BETTER SIT DOWN.
LISTEN- I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT YOU'RE SITTING ON MY "PSYCHIC RESEARCH LAB." COULD YOU *GET OFF* IT PLEASE?
STEVE- SHE'S DEAD. IM SORRY.

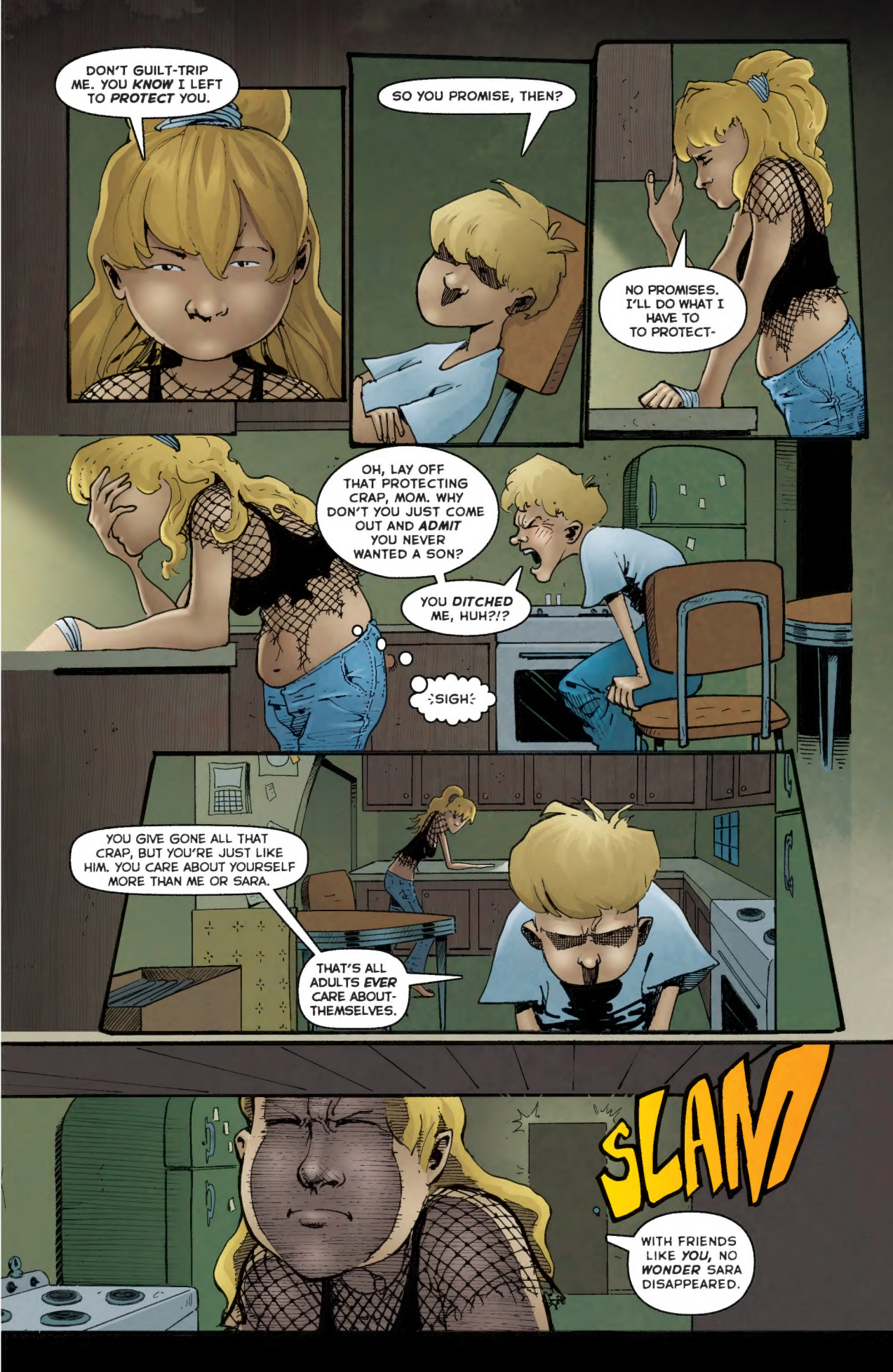
NO I DON'T BELIEVE IT. SHE'S STILL HERE- I CAN FEEL HER.
YOU'RE THE GUY WHO TRIES TO "MOVE WATER WITH HIS MIND", RIGHT?
I MAY NOT BE PSYCHIC...
BUT I KNOW SHE'S ALIVE, SOMEHOW.
HEY- WHATEVER HELPS...
SARA'S PSYCHICALLY CONNECTED TO FLUIDS- ALWAYS HAS BEEN.
LIKE *THIS!!!*
SHE COULD BE IN *HERE.* IN *THIS.*

STEVE, YOU TAKIN' ANY *MEDS* I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT?
SARA...
WATER...
OH GOD- WHAT IF I *DRANK* HER?
:SIGH:
IT'S OK- I KNOW YOU THINK I'M NUTS, BUT SARA USED TO BELIEVE STUFF TOO. *I'M* NOT THE ONLY ONE.
YOU AND ME BOTH.
AW- WHO AM I KIDDING? I'VE NEVER *BEEN* PSYCHIC, NEVER *WILL* BE.
I LOSE MY CLOSEST FRIEND, AND ALL I CAN DO IS PLAY "PSYCHIC BOY". SCREW IT.
SCREW IT ALL TO HELL!

DAVE- IT'S ME, GONE.
YEAH, IT'S OPEN.
KNOCK KNOCK
I BROUGHT AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS.
OH, YEAH? WHO?
NOT WHO, BUT WHAT.
HERE.
IT'S YOUR OLD COSTU-
I KNOW WHAT IT IS.
WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT ON, FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE, AND GO HANG OUT WITH JULIE?
WHY?!?

DO IT, AND YOU'LL SEE. IT'S OUR ONLY SHOT AT FINDING SARA.
I THINK YOU'RE CRACKING UP.
PROBABLY, BUT SO WHAT? THE POINT IS, WE'RE GOING TO FIX ALL OUR MISTAKES.
SARA WON'T LOSE ME...
JULIE CAN STOP HER OWN RAPE...
AND I WILL AVOID MY OWN SORDID PAST.
AND ME?
IF JULIE'S NOT RAPED, YOU'LL NEVER BECOME THE MAXX. YOUR LINK WITH JULIE WILL BE GONE. ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED?
DUNNO. I'M NOT SURE...
WELL, WHILE YOU'RE MULLING IT OVER, MY DAUGHTER'S IN LIMBO. THINK ABOUT IT.
SLAM!


WELL, THAT'S IT. THAT STEVE GUY DROPPED THE KEY OFF. HE SURE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME MOVING OUT. SOME FRIEND.
STRANGE. JUST A FEW DAYS AGO, I COULD'VE ACTUALLY *MET* SARA. :SIGH:
I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE SHE WAS- WHAT- 16,17?
HEY MOM- YOU OK?
S'OK.
I GUESS, HON. SORRY ABOUT YESTERDAY.
I WISH I COULD'VE GOT TO KNOW SARA BETTER. I MEAN... YOU KNOW, BEFORE-
YEAH, I KNOW...
WELLLLL... STICK AROUND, AND MAYBE YOU CAN STILL KNOW HER, LIKE THROUGH ME.
YOU?
I KNEW SARA WHEN YOU WERE STILL IN DIAPERS, BUB.
PROMISE YOU WON'T RUN OFF THIS TIME?


DON'T GUILT-TRIP ME. YOU *KNOW* I LEFT TO *PROTECT* YOU.
SO YOU PROMISE, THEN?
NO PROMISES. I'LL DO WHAT I HAVE TO TO PROTECT-
OH, LAY OFF THAT PROTECTING CRAP, MOM. WHY DON'T YOU JUST COME OUT AND *ADMIT* YOU NEVER WANTED A SON?
YOU *DITCHED* ME, HUH?!?
:SIGH:
YOU GIVE GONE ALL THAT CRAP, BUT YOU'RE JUST LIKE HIM. YOU CARE ABOUT YOURSELF MORE THAN ME OR SARA.
THAT'S ALL ADULTS *EVER* CARE ABOUT- THEMSELVES.
SLAM
WITH FRIENDS LIKE *YOU,* NO *WONDER* SARA DISAPPEARED.

:SIGH:
UH... HELLO?

JULIE?
...THAT YOU?
IT'S DARK...
HARD TO SEE... JULIE?...
WHERE AM I?
SARA?